This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1582

1. No subject

LM3

Autograph poem at end

NB:

Leedon

Mrs. R. Davids

from her friend the

Author.

POEMS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

B. I. Leedom

[illegible] PUBLISHER.
PHILADA.

THE VOYAGE TO HARLEM,

THIRTY YEARS AGO,

AND OTHER POEMS.

L.C

BY

B. J. LEEDOM.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. ELLWOOD ZELL.
1867.

MAS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
419660B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1947 L

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

B. J. Leedom,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CAXTON PRESS OF SHERMAN & CO.

To the

FRIEND OF MY EARLIER YEARS,

Companion

OF MY JOURNEY UP THE RUGGED HILL OF LIFE,

who hath partaken with me of its cup of

JOY AND SORROW,

these

STRAY LEAVES,

gathered along our path,

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Steven Gates Sept 2, 1947

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Harlem,	9
Blind Bartimeus,	37
Address to Deity,	42
The Birth of Christ,	44
My Daughter's Valentine,	47
To my Son on his Fourth Birthday,	49
Forty Years Old,	51
The Close of the Year,	54
On the Death of McDonald Clark,	57
On Presenting a Ring to My Sister,	59
For an Album,	61
On the Reception of Henry Clay by the Ladies of Philadelphia,	63
Oakland,	66
On Receiving a Collection of Dried Flowers, Sea-Weeds, and Mosses,	70
A Voice for Erin, 1847,	73

PAGE

Hagar in the Wilderness, ... 76

On the Grave of Do-Hum-Mee, ... 79

The Snow, ... 83

On the Death of Captain Walter S. Newhall, . . 87

Niagara from Goat Island, ... 89

The Legend of the Clock, ... 92

First Prayer in Congress, and Liberty Bell, . . . 96

To My Wife, ... 99

On Presenting a Melon-Shaped Basket to My Sister, . . 104

On the Mexican War, ... 106

Christmas Hymn, 1866, ... 109

HARLEM.

AIL, glorious Morn! we
feel thy power,
In infancy, in manhood's
hour,
And e'en old age will thy presence own,
For it speaks of joys to his childhood known

When his step was light, and his spirits free
As the bounding deer, or the stooping bird
That flappeth its wings in ecstasy
And skims o'er the waves, by the wild breeze
stirred.

Hail, glorious Morn! when touched by thee
How bright will the eye of beauty be;
When she springs from her couch to hail thy ray
Ere the dewdrop hath left the trembling spray,
With snowy brow and cheek whose bloom
Like the rose and the lily combined in one,
And fairy light step that scatters perfume
From the wild spring flowers she treads upon.

Hail, glorious Morn! how sweet thy beams
Through the invalid's open casement streams,
When the weary hours of night are gone
And thy glowing tints come stealing on,

Bringing with light a cheerful hue,
  That spreads o'er the loved one's pallid brow,
Kindling the fires of health anew,—
  A welcome messenger art thou.

Up came the sun! his earliest ray
Had sped o'er old Gowanus Bay;
On Staten Hills the mist arose;
Robbins' Reef Light sank to repose;
From spire and steeple, gilded vane
Reflected back the beams again,
Till all the bay like molten gold
The ushering in of morning told.

An autumn morn! the white hoar frost
  Had tipt Wehawken's woody brow,
And where his shivering footsteps crost,
  A gaudy coloring glittered now.

As yet the Battery trees were seen
Robed in their summer dress of green.

Near Whitehall Slip, at early dawn,
A motley crew together drawn
Were trimming their boat and spreading sail,
Eager to catch the freshening gale,
To waft them onward from the shore,
New scenes and rivers to explore.

The first came Niles, upon whose face
The summer's tan you still might trace;
Flaxen his hair, his eyes of blue,
And sinewy arm for boating true;
'Gainst many a wild and billowy tide
That sturdy arm had well been tried.

Next Arrowfield, whose eager eye
Aught out of place would soon descry;

There's not a steamer left the shore
But by her pipe the name she bore
Was plain to him, as tho' he'd seen
The title on her painted beam;
There's not a rope on mast or sprit
But readily he'd fathom it;
Each spreading sail he knew full well,
Their quality and use could tell.
'Twas his delight to roam the quay,
Sending keen vision o'er the bay,
Well pleased to see the swelling sail
Come sweeping up before the gale.

And Benton too, from o'er the sea,
The vine-clad hills of Germany,
That land where summer flowers wave
Their fragrance o'er his mother's grave,

Shedding bright leaves with their perfume
Around a brother's early tomb,
Scarce eighteen summers' suns had shed
Their influence o'er his youthful head,
When from his fatherland he sped.
He crossed the main, and now I ween
No merrier in that crew was seen.
What though his youth! his heart and hand
Ne'er closed 'gainst suffering's stern demand.
The tear stood glistening in his eye
When Sorrow's child went shivering by:
Ne'er sought the outcast's haunts in vain,
But freely gave; assuaged each pain
That wealth or sympathy can give,
And bade the child of sorrow live.

Then Tyson, who, with powerful arm,
Could wield the helm in wildest storm,

Next took his seat; 'twas joy to hear
His jovial laugh ring through the air.
Far in the stern his form was bent;
His stalwart frame o'er the gunwale leant;
Grasping the sheet, with kindling eye
A glance he sent around the sky:
Well pleased was he to find the sail
Was filling with a western gale.

The last came Leaming; you could trace
The stamp of care upon his face.
Altho' scarce reached the prime of man,
  The early frosts were gathering now
On his dark locks, and you might scan
  The furrowed wrinkles on his brow.
Oh, why should thoughts of woe intrude
  On hearts that day elate with joy!
Oh, why should man's ingratitude
  Mingle with mirth the dark alloy!

With that light boat, the tide of time
  Brought the deep thought of earlier days,—
When his heart leaped in youthful prime
  O'er Wissahickon's "banks and braes;"
When with high hopes the oar he plied
'Neath wood-crowned hills on Schuylkill's tide,
When every rock and hill and bay
Rang with his merry roundelay.
Why was he sad? what cause had he
To sigh when all around was glee?

Far southward o'er those hills was one
  On whom his thoughts are dwelling now;
She whom his youthful heart had won,
  Ere care or sorrow wrung his brow.
He longed to hear that voice again
That soothed him in the hour of pain;
His children's shout at evening tide;
He turned, the bursting thoughts to hide;

Then brushed away the starting tear
And in he sprang; the wind was fair,
The mainsail fills, and off she bounds
Like the startled hare before the hounds!
Swift from the wharf she speeds, and now
The white foam curls around her bow,
Leaving a feathery track behind,
Like sea-birds floating on the wind!

No time had they, such was their speed,
Forests of towering masts to heed,
That 'rose along Manhattan shore,
Darkening the land with shadows o'er;
No time had they to dwell on these;
Their mast was bending with the breeze.
Far in their rear Fort William lies,
And Red Hook too! as on she hies;
The heights of Brooklyn faded fast
Southward in mist as on she past;

But ere they reached the Wallabout
From Clinton Slip arose a shout,—
"Starboard your helm, and put about!"
Round came the boat; her snowy sail
Hangs loosely fluttering in the gale,
But with like speed still on she bore
Till she had neared the western shore,
Where sheltered from the wind and tide
She came to, near a schooner's side.

Out went the painter from her bow;
Soon was it grasped above, I trow,
For Laws stood there, whose wild halloo
Came o'er the waves to bring her to.
Erect he stood, so spare, so slim,
A double span might circle him.
In Greek and Latin learned was he-
Had deeply dived in chemistry.

From noxious lotions he could still
Solutions, extracts, at his will.
The midnight lamp he'd often trim
'Neath the retort, watching the brim
To see the bubbles rise and swim.
O'er that retort he often bent,
Trying some new experiment.
To roam thro' Esculapian shade
His very form, had nature made.
Yet mild he was, made no pretence;
Conspicuous in benevolence,
His eye would moisten at the door
Of cheerless want or shivering poor;
Kind words when nothing else to give
Would soothe their grief, their pangs relieve.
Such was his heart, and ear had he
For music too, and melody.

Hicks

Near him stood Hays, with sparkling eye
To take in all the scenery;
An artist he, with skill to trace
The lineaments of the human face.
'Twas his delight at close of even
  To catch the sun's expiring ray,
That gilded all the vault of heaven
  With the bright tints of "parting day,"
Watching each shadow as it fell
On tree and rock and woody dell,
Till night's dark mantle shadowed all
The landscape with her sable pall.

Where Shamony's smooth waters flow,
  And aged oaks their shadows fling
Across its mossy banks below,
  The village of his youth had been;

'Mid rural scenes and forest wild
He often wandered when a child;
O'er flowery meads, where humming bees
  Make drowsy music on the wing,
He lingered oft, or 'neath the trees
  List to the wild birds carolling.

Such was the crew! and now once more
The light skiff bounded from the shore;
Round Corlear's Hook with wind and tide
They sweep far o'er the river wide,
Till they had reached Long Island side;
Well was it for their lives that day
A staunch sea-boat beneath them lay,
Well for their homes and fireside
In a wild sea that boat could ride.
The feathery foam in caps of snow
Dashed wildly past her plunging bow

As round she jibed the land to clear.
'Twas not a time for idle fear
As o'er toward Burnt Mill Point they steer.
With pennant streaming in the wind,
Soon Williamsburg lay far behind.

Oh 'twas a fearful sight
From a neighboring height
To see them onward fly,
Like the arrow that 's sprung
From the bow well strung
And sails along the sky.
Oh 'twas fearful to tell
Of the thoughts that swell
In some of their hearts that morn,
As she onward speeds
Like the dashing steeds
At the sound of the hunter's horn.

The shore is now receding fast;
The mainsail, filling with the blast,
Bends like a reed the quivering mast
As through the foam she flew.
Her bow divides the rolling swell,
Where Arrowfield stood sentinel,
Catching each billow as it fell,
Soaking his doublet through.

Still on she bore with little dread
For spray that flew o'er Hays's head,
Till Benton's back received the shower,
When he proposed the sail to lower.
Scarce from his lips the word had past,
On the starboard bow, approaching fast,
A schooner came across the tide,
Scattering the foam on either side.
No time was this the sail to clew;

Round went the helm; a loud halloo
Rang out from Tyson, "Wear away!
Larboard your helm! larboard, I say!"
In vain his shout, on! on! she plows,
The white foam leaping from her bows,—
They held their breath in awe;
Blanched was each cheek, each brow turned pale,
As o'er their heads the threatening sail
In wild affright they saw;
But as destruction o'er them hung,
Round on her helm the boat has swung;
And scarce her length the space divides
As she swept past her glistening sides.

Frail! oh how frail, the thing may be,
That saves man from Eternity!
Had that slight rudder given way,
Where would their lives have been that day?

The danger past, we little think
How close we stood upon the brink
Of death's dark cavern, but pursue
Once more the paths to dangers new.
Out from the schooner's stern they fly,
And o'er the billows, dashing high,
They bound, till they had gained once more
The lowland on Manhattan shore;
Past Burnt Mill Point, and old Kipp's Bay,
Onward they glide, then bear away,
And o'er the wild sea their course they lay,
Till they had gained once more the side
Where Newton mingles with the tide.

Toward Blackwell's verdant island now,
Tyson has turned around her bow;
Close on the wind, but all in vain
The flapping sail they tautly strain;

Right in their faces blew the gale,
And useless hangs the flagging sail.

Then Laws exclaimed, "Why lag we here?
Think ye the wind around will veer?
Mark well the tide, 'tis changing fast;
In with the sail! unship the mast!
And with our oars pass yonder isle,
Ere the tide make it double toil;
Lose we the tide, and to our cost
We'll find the oars but labor lost."

Quick at the word the sail they clew,
Out from her bow the mast they drew;
Coiled was each rope for time of need,
The sail packed close to give her speed;
Mast, boom, and sprit are stowed within
On either side the boat to trim;

Out went the oars, each arm is strained,
And soon was Blackwell's Island gained;
Fast by its shore they glide along,
Whilst merrily they raise the song:

Oh! 'tis sweet to hear, on a summer morn,
'Tis sweet to hear the sound
Of the cradler's scythe 'mid the waving corn,
As he swings it merrily round,
As he swings it merrily round, my boys,
As he swings it merrily round.

Oh! 'tis sweet to hear at the break of day
The hunter's bugle cry,
And the hounds' deep bay, at his hark away,
As o'er the hills they fly,
As o'er the hills they fly, my boys,
As o'er the hills they fly.

But oh! 'tis sweeter far to me,
As the boat glides from the shore,
To list to the sound, so wild, so free,
The sound of the dipping oar,
The sound of the dipping oar, my boys,
The sound of the dipping oar.

LEST is that land, where Freedom's flag unfurled,
Floats o'er the cottage and the loftiest hall;
Where Peace with Plenty greets the Western World,
And Knowledge waves her sceptre over all.
Where Vice with Ignorance is fading fast,
'Neath the bright beams that Temperance sheds around;
And Industry's sweet influence is cast
Where squalid Sloth and Penury were found;
But different far the sight is now, I ween,
That greets the wanderer 'long this verdant shore,
Where waving trees and flowering shrubs are seen,
As silently he pauses on the oar,

To gaze on frowning walls and convict's cell,
Or start with horror at the maniac's yell.
Pause they not here to contemplate
On prison walls, wherein the state
Condemns the felon to his fate,
The convict to his toil.
But ere the breeze had borne along
The last low cadence of their song,
High o'er their heads, in accents strong,
That made their hearts recoil,
Arose a shout, so sharp, so clear,
They leant them on the oar to hear;
Soon in that accent strange was known,
The reason lost, the mind o'erthrown.
From grated window, high in air,
Was thrust an arm with sinews bare,
Whilst thro' those gloomy bars were seen
Dark matted locks, a visage keen,

And skin, whose dark and sable hue
The child of Afric only knew.
Oh, Reason! when thy power is lost,
How like the bark by tempest tost!
  The mind sweeps o'er life's sea,
The sails all rent, the rudder gone,
Like the rude bark is driven on,
  Down to thy depths, Eternity.
Oh, I have seen, in fancy's dream,
  The wounded stag pursued,
Whilst the Indian's yell rang forth his knell,
  With thoughts intent on blood.
I've heard the roar on the ocean's shore,
  When the breakers dashed on high,
And the lightning's gleam, in vivid stream,
  Ran thundering down the sky.
I've heard the shriek, when the waves did break
  On the vessel's trembling form,

And the mariner's moan, 'mid the dashing foam,
  Was heard above the storm.
I've heard the sigh when the parent's eye
  Was bent on the silent stone,
And the tears of woe, unnumbered flow,
  For the loved one past and gone.
But neither wounded stag pursued,
  Nor lightning's vivid glare,
Nor mariner by tempest tost,
  Nor parent's silent tear,
Could fill my heart so deep with woe,
  With misery so refined,
As when I see an overthrow
  Such as a ruined mind.
It seems as tho' the blasts of Heaven
  Had spent their influence there,
And left it, by the tempest riven,
  To wander in despair.

Short was the pause; the vigorous oar
Sent the wide circles free and far,
As round the northern point they move,
Whilst far astern lay Hallet's Cove,*
Where sheltered dwellings 'mid the trees
Invite the sons of wealth and ease
To leave the din of city strife,
For nature's charms 'mid rural life.

On sped the boat; no rest had they
Till Hurlgate far behind them lay,
Where heaving billows foaming high
Dash their bright waters to the sky.
On sped the boat with quivering oar,
Between Barn Island and the shore,
Till Harlem River opening free
Heard their wild shout of revelry.

* Now, Astoria.

WEET Harlem! on thy heights that day
The Solidago's golden head
Waved 'mid the fern and lichen gray
That o'er thy shadowy rocks were spread;
Amid thy trees the trailing vine
Crept softly round the forest bough;
The scarlet winter-berries shine
Deep in the downy moss below.

Vernonia's purple flow'rets, too,
With the wild aster's azure hue
Mingled amid the light and shade
That Autumn's witching wand had made.
The robin's note, the bluejay's scream
Woke the lone echoes of the stream,

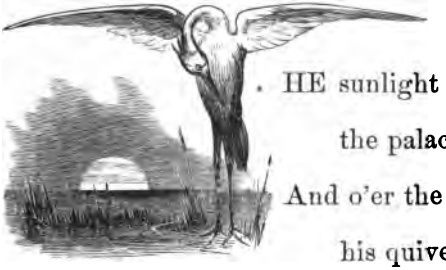
As the boat glided smoothly on;
Hushed was each jest, and still the song,
So deep the silence reigning round,
They paused as if to catch the sound
Of the red hunter's wild halloo,
Or see his simple bark canoe
Issue from out the shady cove,
And o'er the silent waters move.

Long might they pause; the race of yore,
That bounded o'er the hill and plain
With the fleet deer, shall come no more
To wander 'mid these wilds again.

No more shall council fires burn,
Nor Indian maiden's song be heard
Greeting at eve her brave's return
With notes like her own forest bird.

But other strains shall wake to song
When Commerce, with her busy throng,
Shall drive her chariot-wheels along
This silent glade, and Trade's loud hum
Ere long with tramping clang shall come,
To banish, with her clam'rous roar,
The quiet of this sylvan shore;
But ere rude sounds shall break the spell
  That lingers o'er this placid stream,
Shall memory oft with rapture swell,
And beaming fancy love to dwell
  Upon this Autumn morning's dream.
Sweet Harlem, fare thee well!

BLIND BARTIMEUS.



THE sunlight played upon
the palace dome,
And o'er the terraced roof
his quivering rays
Had driven far the mist of night away,
Renewing into life the human throng
That dwelt within the walls
Of teeming Jericho.

Beyond the gate the shadowy palms
Were spread beside the way,
Whose waving tops were murmuring with the
breeze
That swept across the plain;
The summer birds trimmed their bright plumage
In the olive trees, and chanted their wild carol
As the sun crept upward in the sky.
A steam went up from off the stagnant pool
Around whose sides the tall rank grass
Stood thick and matted, whilst the glistening tops
Of the white lilies, rising o'er the scum
That mantled all its surface, opened their snowy
petals
And shook out their fragrance on the air.
Silent and sad, beside the dusty way
Sat sorrowful Bartimeus! What to him
The waving palm tree, or the dark rich tint

Of the green olive? the summer birds' wild carol,
Or the soft fragrance of the opening flower?
The sun's warm rays, that shimmered thro' the
trees,
Fell on his sightless orbs as if in mockery
Of the night within. Silent he sat
With trembling hand upraised,
Soliciting of each one passing by
An humble pittance, that might keep alive
The dying embers of life's fitful dream.
The dreary hours passed on, and yet no change
Came o'er the tame monotony of his soul.
Day after day, the same dull round had been,
Until Bartimeus, the poor, the blind Bartimeus,
Had become a fixture in the traveller's mind
That journeyed oft to Jericho.
'Twas now high noon; and from the city's gate
A murmuring sound arose, like distant ocean

When the crested foam rolls high upon the shore.
Louder it swelled, till o'er the surging throng
The name of Jesus fell on his quickened ear,
He whose fame had spread throughout the land,
E'en to the borders of bright Jordan's waves.
Bartimeus arose; whilst strange emotions
Struggled in his breast, and the warm currents
Of his life were stilled.
One moment only passed 'twixt doubt and faith,
And then the cry, fearful and wild,
Rang startling on the wind,—
"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"
On swept the crowd, and bade him hold his peace,
But bade in vain; that cry had reached His ear
Who ne'er from human suffering turned away.
Filled with His mission of redeeming love,
He paused and listened to the suppliant's cry;
Then from His lip fell the consoling word,

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."
A light broke in upon his trembling lids;
A new creation dawned upon his mind.
He leapt—he ran—he bounded o'er the plain,
And with a joyous heart he joined the throng
That pressed around the "Lamb of God,"
"The meek and lowly one."

ADDRESS TO DEITY.

N the vast unbounded space
Thy powerful hand we trace,
Thy presence we behold;
There's not a star that decks
the sky,
But in its brightness we descry
By whom it is controll'd.

There's not an insect on the wing,
Nor eaglet soaring, but 'twill bring
Thy presence to our view;
There's not in ocean's bed a shell,
However small, but it must tell
Thy glory is there too.

Thy power, that could thro' chaos see,
Said, thus let all creation be
  According to my will.
Then rose the sun in glory bright,
And the pale moon her silver light
  Shed o'er the vale and hill.

The goat that climbs the mountain's brow,
And deer that flies o'er trackless snow,
  Alike confess thy sway.
The lion, leopard, and the bear,
Thy voice in thunder's roar they hear,
  And tremblingly obey.

To thee the humble widows cry,
Thou dryest the orphan's weeping eye,
  And hearest their silent prayer;
Thou tellest them in their hour of need,
There still is balm in Gilead,
  And a Physician there.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WAS night! and all the mist
had upward gone
From off the sea! the sea of
Galilee;
Twilight's glow, which long
had lingered round
The mountain's brow, had deepened into gloom,
And darkness dwelt on Sinai!
On all Judea's grassy hills, the plaint
And lowing of her thousand herds,
The bleating of her kine was hushed!
Together drew the simple shepherds
That had charge o'er all the flocks

That fed that day in Israel.

Round their dim shadowy forms,

Closer they gathered the more tender lambs;

And where the grass had a luxuriant growth,

In one small cluster, they had laid them down;

And all Canaan slept.

No moon shone forth with its pale silvery light,

To cheer the wanderer on his lonely way.

Darkness and silence reigned throughout the land.

But when the midnight watch had come,

A faint low breathing in the air was heard,

Like far-off tones of sweetest melody;

Anon it bolder grew; then clear and loud

In one vast strain it swelled,

Till all the Host on high in chorus joined

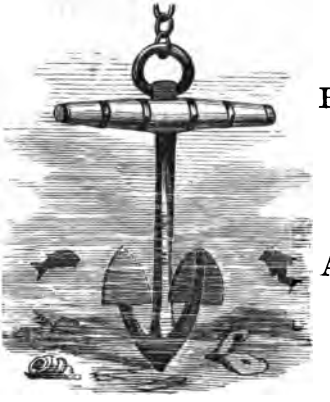
To peal the heavenly anthem:

"Glory to God! hosanna in the highest!

On earth peace; good will to men."

It ceased; whilst in the far-off east,
A star arose!
Up the high arch of heaven on it moved,
Till o'er the spot where wistfully they gazed,
It hung and sparkled in the midnight air;
And o'er their pale features a bright halo shone;
A revelation dawned upon their minds,
That God in mercy to mankind had sent
The means for their salvation.
The rapturous vision of that glowing star
That burst upon their sight, revealed
A King was born in Israel,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

MY DAUGHTER'S VALENTINE.



HERE'S life in thy young spirit, there's joy around thee now,
And truth hath stamped its impress upon thy happy brow.

The buoyancy of girlhood sheds a lustre round thy way,
And the gush of mirth and joyousness o'ershadows life's young day;
Oh be it mine to wish thee, as thy future years roll on,
That each may find thee happier than the passing one that's gone;

That every holy feeling which arises in thy
youth,
In age be firmly anchored in the heavenly spring
of truth;
That the blessing which arises from a well-spent
life, be thine,
And at last in thy Redeemer, find a holy Valen-
tine.

To My Son on his Fourth Birthday.

OUR years have flown since
first the day
Greeted with cheering smile
Thy little bark; its gentle
way
Hath scarcely left the isle
Where first the dream of life begun:
God bless thee! oh my son.

Four years have flown; thy mother's soul
Is beaming in thy sparkling eye;
Thy joyous laugh brooks no control,
But through the air speeds merrily,
As tho' life's sands had long to run:
God bless thee! oh my son.

I would not check that voice of mirth,
  I would not quench one note of glee
That makes thy path so fair on earth
  And hovers o'er thy spirit free,
As the wild bird its eyrie won:
    God bless thee! oh my son.

Cling to thy mother's heart, my boy;
  Long may thy Maker bless thy day
To gild her life's decline with joy;
  And at the close, with cheering ray,
Reflect above when life is done:
    God bless thee! oh my son.

FORTY YEARS OLD.

FORTY years old; and my
locks are as gray
As threescore years and ten,
And my path thro' this beau-
tiful world hath not been
Like the paths of other men;
For more of the rugged mount I've seen,
Than the peaceful valley's smiling green.

Forty years old! and my pilgrimage here
Is more than half way o'er;
But I have not craved, as some do crave,
To journey beyond fourscore;
For I fain would be with the weary at rest,
Ere the gathering home of those I love best.

Forty years old! and it seems but a day
  Since my spirits were wild and high,
When I swung way out on the walnut tree
  That towered so far in the sky;
And the autumn sun! I can feel it now,
As I felt it then on my boyhood's brow.

And the joyous band in life's young morn
  That bounded across the plain,
I can travel back through bygone years,
  And mingle with them again,
With their ringing laugh, and their merry call;
I can pause in my manhood, and hear them all.

I have struggled since then, in the battle of life,
  Have met the fierce conflict of men;
Have tasted of pleasure, and drank of the cup
  That is mingled with sorrow and pain;

And I've seen the friends of my youth pass away
Like the feathery mist from the ocean's spray.

Few and far, like meteor lights,
  An occasional one appears,
Through the misty veil which time hath flung
  Around life's earlier years;
Yet at forty years old am I oft beguiled
With the merry shout of a sinless child.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight! and the closing year
  Hath toll'd its last farewell;
How solemnly its footsteps fall
Down the dark vista of Oblivion's hall,
  Pausing a moment in its flight to tell
Of Time how short, Eternity how near.

Oh! who among the busy human throng
That rose to greet thee on thy natal morn,
Can pause upon thine exit, and look back
On the round circle of life's fleeting track,
And not perceive the sad impressions worn
By Time's deep footprints as he hies along!

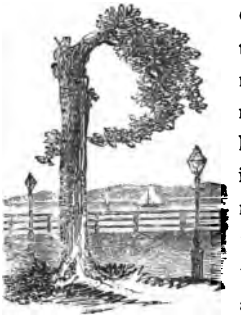
Some "golden bowl" beside life's fountain broken,
Some silver cord, that twined round memory's heart,
Now loosely hangs upon the shadowy past;
Like the crushed flower beside our pathway cast;
So doth the cherished hopes of life depart;
Some duty unperformed, some word of love unspoken.

How few there be to whom departed years
Bring no regret in Retrospection's train;
Loved ones, that gathered round the social hearth
Bright'ning the links of life, now gone from earth,
Never to fill the vacant seat again,
Nor gladden with their smiles this darksome vale of tears.

On the Death of McDonald Clark,

THE MAD POET, WHO DIED IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM NEAR NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1842, AND WAS BURIED IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, WHERE A MONUMENT HAS BEEN ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY.

"The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse him from his lowly bed."



OOR McDonald! at last he "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." We miss him now in our early walks at morn, upon the Battery, that fairy land and beau ideal of his poetic imaginings, where he had passed so many hours alone, pacing its shadowy walks, building his bright castles in the air,—vain dreams, never to be realized; he has passed away, and "the places that knew him shall know him again no more forever," but the wild sea-breeze, that plays at evening-tide through the waving boughs that skirt his favorite path, shall sing a requiem to his memory.

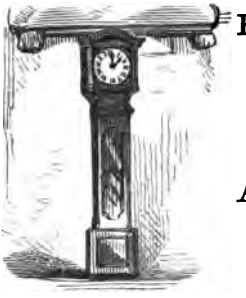
Passing away! passing away!
No bell hath toll'd for his spirit's flight,

No Ave-Maria, no chant was heard,
No solemn dirge, no funeral rite,
No waving of plumes, no incense stirr'd,
But left alone with his dreams to decay,—
Passing away! passing away.

Passing away! passing away!
Like a tale that is told his life hath been;
Like an echo once heard but forgotten now;
Like the tear that hath fallen from beauty's e'en,
O'er hopes soon perished or false one's vow;
Like the snow-wreath melted, he hath gone to decay,—
Passing away! passing away!

On Presenting A Ring to My Sister.

CHRISTMAS.



THE golden links of feeling
That bind life's social
chain,
Are swiftly from us stealing,
And ne'er return again.

The friends we loved in childhood,
When all looked bright around,
Like summer birds in wild-wood
Are now no longer found.

Like summer birds in autumn,
They've flown to milder skies,
Where flowers ever blossom,
And tears ne'er dim their eyes.

Yet still their memory lingers
  Around the social hearth,
As if, with magic fingers,
  To draw us up from earth.

But a chosen few are left us,
  A sacred band remain;
Whom time hath not bereft us,
  And we have met again.

The circle of affection
  Lies not within the ring;
But yet the recollection,
  In after years, will bring

This time of social meeting
  More vivid than the pen,
And with the happy greeting,
  The gift of Brother Ben.

FOR AN ALBUM.

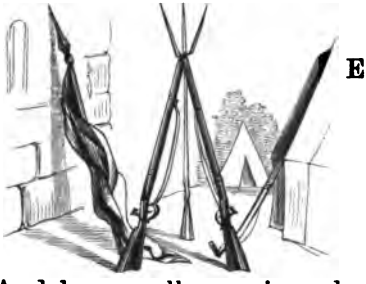
N after years, when life's young
dream is o'er,
And friends now strong in youth
have passed away,
When voices loved in childhood shall no more
Greet thee at morn, nor at the close of day;
When Memory, glancing thro' this vale of tears
Is busy with the thoughts of happier years,

Should these frail lines then pass before thy view,
When o'er this book thou'rt musing on the
past,
They'll speak of one at least, whose friendship
true

Lingered through storm and sunshine till the
last.
One who perhaps hath long since passed away,
Yet in these lines recalls the present day.

On the Reception of Henry Clay by the Ladies of Philadelphia,

MARCH 1, 1848.



E have sharp swords in the scabbard! spears glist'ning on the wall,
And horses all caparisoned stand ready for the call;
Bright bayonets are gleaming, armed troops in war's array;—
Shall we send these forth to greet thee? our gallant Harry Clay!

We have widows in their mourning, young orphans in their tears,
And parents rendered childless, bent 'neath the weight of years,
And maiden hearts now broken, by the siege of Monterey;—
Shall we send these forth to greet thee? our gallant Harry Clay!

We have banners gained in conquest, we have cannons from the fight,
And shells, now lying harmless, from Cerro Gordo's height;
We have bleeding veterans 'mongst us, scarred and wounded from the fray;—
Shall we send these forth to greet thee? our gallant Harry Clay!

Oh! no, the tears fall thickly o'er scenes as dark
as these,
And we hear some new bereavement on every
southern breeze.
We would fain enshroud their action, who caused
this bloody day,
And greet thee with the olive branch, our gallant
Harry Clay!

We would that Heaven had spared us this deep
amount of woe,
And granted our most fervent prayer for thee,
four years ago;
For then the swords now gleaming, in rust had
lost their sway,
And spears been turned to pruning-hooks thro'
thee, our Harry Clay!

OAKLAND.

NEAR HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND.

HE feathery mist at early dawn
Lingered awhile on Oakland lawn,
Then gently rising 'mid the trees,
Fanned by the summer morning breeze,
Rolled eastward, where a golden cloud
Mantled the landscape like a shroud;
Revealing as it passed away
A stately mansion to the view,
Where the tall firs in dark array
Stood glist'ning with the dew.

The rose of Sharon, too, was there,
Opening its blossoms to the air,
The wild lark carolled in the sky,
  The robin hailed the morn,
Whilst from afar the watch-dog's cry
  Upon the breeze was borne.

On the gravel walks were pattering feet,
  And merry childhood's glee;
A mirthful sound, that is ever meet
  For nature's minstrelsy.

Oh, check it not, the joyous sound
  That springeth from childish mirth;
Guardian spirits are hovering round
  The well-spring that gave it birth.

'Tis a voice that speaks to our inmost soul
  Of hours long passed away,

When we were free from the world's control,
  And our spirits as blithe as they.

Oh, check it not; let the joyous tones
  Ring out on the summer air;
'Tis a voice that our higher nature owns
  When freed from its tyrant Care.

Two young scions of Oakland Hall
  Were gambolling on the green,
Their shout through the fir trees dark and tall
Was echoed back from the living wall
  Of the oaken forest screen.

Another is gazing upon their play,
  As she leans on the balustrade,
With a smile of love, which seems to say,—
May their future life pass as happy away;
  May no sorrow their peace invade.

A mother's love, with a mother's prayer,
  Is beaming in her eyes;
The soft wind plays through her auburn hair;
And the spirit of peace seemed resting there
  As the aspirations rise.

Oh, that blissful scene, like a vision rose
  On my spirit that longed for rest;
Like the evening cloud which at twilight glows
  With the fading hues of the west.

Spirit of hope, mayst thou hover round
  The inmates of Oakland Hall;
May health with happiness be crowned,
A home of contentment here be found,
  And thy mantle rest on all.

On Receiving a Collection of Dried Flowers, Sea-Weeds, and Mosses.

LOWERS! bright flowers! oh, welcome to me
Is the echo that comes from the foam-crested sea,
The echo that springeth from summer's bright hours,
When the boon of the billow is woven with flowers,
That once crowned the valley or green mossy dell,
Where the wild birds sang sweetly as evening shades fell.
Ye are welcome to me.

Ye are welcome to me, for the memories that cling
Round the hours of joy that belongeth to spring,
When the glad earth awakens from winter's dark
reign,
And the violet's sweet perfume shall greet us
again;
When the dew on the woodbine still lingers at
morn,
And its balm-breathing fragrance afar off is borne.
Ye are welcome to me.

Echoes of summer! your light footsteps fall
On the shadowy past, and ye linger to call
The mind back to him who with fair flowers wove
The impress of faith with his mission of love,
That the wayworn and weary might still journey
on
Till the haven of rest thro' his mercy is won.
Ye are welcome to me.

Ye are welcome to me, for ye speak of love's
power,
That catches the tint of the fast-fading flower,
And blending in beauty and goodness and truth,
The wisdom of age with the freshness of youth;
Ye are bright golden pinions of friendship and
joy,
That deepen life's tints, which time cannot de-
stroy.
Ye are welcome to me.

A VOICE FOR ERIN, 1847.

H, Erin! thy green emerald isle
Is wrapped in a mantle of gloom,
And the angel of death with a withering smile
Is gleaning thy fields for the tomb.

Thy cry hath come over the wave,
Thy moan sweeps on every gale;
'Tis the cry of despair from the deep yawning grave,
'Tis the sound of humanity's wail.

No mitre or crown strips our soil
Of the golden-eared grain which it yields;

But our honest and hard-working children who
toil
Untithed gather in of the fruit of our fields.

Thy cry hath been heard in our land,
And Columbia hears not in vain;
From our green hills and broad valleys a band
Is echoing it back to the plain.

Already our white sails o'er the sea,
Like angels of mercy, are swelling,
And our broad stripes and stars a bright beacon
will be
To many a desolate dwelling.

No weapons of war do they bear,
Nor armed men in hostile array;
No deep bugle war-notes ring out on the air,
The herald of death in deadly affray;

But freighted with mercy and love
Their sails to the wild breeze are given,
And o'er the glad billows they fearlessly move
When bound on the mission of heaven.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

On Judah's plain the wasting sun
Was beaming fierce and high,
Where Hagar left her darling boy
In weariness to die.

Beneath a withered shrub she sat
And bowed her face in woe,
That she might not the agony
Of his last parting know.

The plaintive moan, the feeble cry
That reached her sorrowing ear,

A mother's heart alone can feel,
  Tho' breaking it will hear.

"And must we part? alone to die,
  My pride, my only joy!
Far from thy father's ample tent,
  Outcast with me, my boy.

"Would they had spared thy tender years,
  And let their vengeance fall
Upon thy mother's bruised heart,—
  Alone she'd bear it all.

"The God thy father trusteth in,
  Here in this barren plain,
They say hath power to ope the fount
  And bring the heavenly rain."

In bitterness of soul she wept,
  As memory backward stole

To Egypt's melons, dark and green,
  Where sparkling waters roll.

And as she wept at thought of these
  God heard her suppliant cry,
And in the parched and burning waste
  Showed her a fountain nigh,

Wherein her fainting boy she laved
  And cooled her fevered brow,
Then rose with an abiding faith
  She ne'er had known till now.

ON THE GRAVE OF PO-HUM-MEE,

NEAR SYLVAN WATER,

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEW YORK.

THEY'VE laid thee down to rest,
Far from the land which gave thy spirit birth;
And the green mound is not of kindred earth
They've heaped upon thy breast;
The flowers that spring around thy early tomb
Recall not childhood with their sweet perfume.

Far from thy fathers' graves,
They've laid thee in thy bridal robes alone!

And the low breeze that comes with solemn tone
From off the ocean waves,
Is not the sound that sweeps across the wild
Where thou wert nurtured, Iowa's young child.

The gentle flowers of Spring,
That ope their petals to the sun's warm ray,
Torn from their native soil will fade away;
The wild free birds which sing
Upon the summer bough, and soar on high,
Deprived of freedom, will but pine and die.

So with thy spirit, Do-hum-mee!
Thou couldst not linger where the pale-face dwelt;
Thou couldst not worship where the white man knelt;
The crowded city was no place for thee;

The giddy throng who bend at fashion's shrine,
Hold no communion with a soul like thine.

Child of the flowery plain,
The widespread prairie, and the green hillside!
How will thy hunter miss, at evening-tide,
The low soft notes that welcomed him again,
When, from the hunt returned with weary pace,
He sprang to clasp thee in his warm embrace.

Gone to the spirit land!
Gone like the mist that curled o'er sylvan lake;
Gone like the impress which Time's footprints make
Upon life's golden sand;
With every wave that rolls on memory's shore,
Some trace is lost, till all is seen no more.

So hast thou passed away!

Yet oft shall the daughters of the pale-face come

To strew fair flowers around thy simple tomb;

Still at the close of day,

The moaning wind shall sing, in accents wild,

A deep, sad requiem to Iowa's child.

THE SNOW.

THE snow! the snow! the beautiful snow,
How gossamer like its fall,
As it lights around on the whitened ground;
The schoolboy's shout, with its ringing sound,
Is answering clear to his playmates call,
And his cheek hath a ruddier glow.

It has drifted here, it has drifted there,
  And the darkened and muddy street
Is covered beneath the feathery wreath
Which it lightly flings from its frosty breath;
  And the flying balls, from the horses' feet,
    Are dancing in the air.

Huzza for the snow! huzza! huzza!
  And the sleighs glide swiftly by,
Whose merry bells in music tells
Of the laughing voice, and the heart that swells
  With the moving glee, and the glancing eye
    Like meteors flash as they pass away.

It snows! it snows! and the flakes as they fall
  Hath entered the broken pane;
It hath covered the floor of the shivering poor,
Where it sweeps through the cracks of the gaping
    door,

And leaves on the hearth its glistening train,
That speaks of its wintry call.

Why falleth it here, on the creaking floor,
In a track so pearly white!
It doth mock their woe, where no embers glow,
And no voice of mirth doth poverty know,
When it falls, like a withering blight,
In the cheerless homes of the poor.

The hoary guest! no joy he brings
To that pale and shivering form,
Who in terror wild hath clasped her child,
As she sees the drift on the hearthstone piled;
That shrinking from the storm,
More closely to her clings.

The piercing wind, how it blows
Through her garments so tattered and thin;

And the wrinkles of care are deep furrowed there
Where it lifts from her brow the dark matted
hair;
But her heart is more cheerless within :
God help the poor! when it snows.

On the Death of Captain Walter S. Newhall.

Above the clouds!

No "Lookout Mountain" now needst thou attain,

As did the prophet in the olden time,

From Nebo's lofty mount, to gaze afar,

And rest his vision on the promised land;

For thou hast gained the summit, and passed on

Beyond the confines of earth's tented fields,

To where bright angels and archangels high

Have borne thy spirit from the battle's front,

To join the heroes of that living band

Whose trumpet call hath sounded,

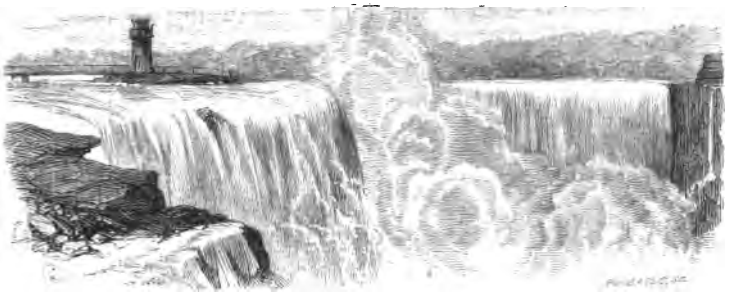
And whose reveille hath wakened

To eternal day.

A greater charge than that of Springfield hast

thou made,

More glorious than Antietam;
For now, with Christian armor firmly girded on
And thy bright shield of faith,
Art past the Rapidan.
And with thy glorious banner mounting far
Into the heavenly sphere,
Hast borne thy trophies to the throne on high
And found acceptance.



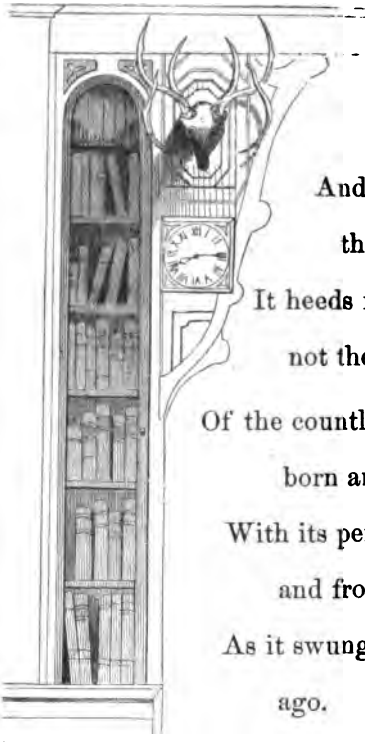
NIAGARA, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

I LOVE thy roar, Niagara!
I love to wander through this leafy isle,
And gaze with wonder and admiring awe
Upon the billowy conflict of thy waves,
Within the limits of my vision's bound!
I hear thy roar, Niagara! I see thy world of waters,
And I can feel thy spray, covering me like a mantle,
As it lifts its snowy wreaths from off thy bright green waves,

Kissing thy rugged rocks, and bounding to the
skies.
Here hast thy loud voice been heard,
Speaking like Ocean in its hour of wrath,
E'er since the sunrise at Creation,
When the Eternal stretched his arm of power
O'er all chaotic darkness, when first he clave the
rocks,
And from their fountains bade the waters flow.
Then 'mid the general choir, thy voice was heard
Pealing the glorious anthem,
"When all the sons of God shouted for joy,"
And at His nod "the morning stars"
Sang on their way together.
Well may the pilgrim from a far-off land
Bend at thy shrine, thou chronicler of ages!
Well may he pause and listen to thy roar,
And gaze with rapture on the o'erhanging bow

That crowns thine awful front, Niagara!
God's everlasting covenant to a fallen world.
Oh! it would seem as though my spirit longed
To greet thy dancing waves,
Bright with the waters of a thousand streams.
In one wide sweep thou dost engulf them all,
Hurrying them onward to their fearful doom,
And dashing them across thy craggy brow
Into the foaming, yeasty gulf below.
Thy praise goeth up continually,
And the lifting of thine everlasting spray
Fit incense seems to Him, whose lightest breath
Can stop thy fearful murmurings.
Fare thee well! in after years, the brightest wave
That breaks and sparkles o'er dull memory's tide
Will be the upheaving of thy rapids.
Fare thee well!

THE LEGEND OF THE CLOCK.*



THE old clock
stands in the
library wall,
And ticks the moments
that hurry by;
It heeds not the rise, it heeds
not the fall,
Of the countless throng that are
born and die.
With its pendulum swinging to
and fro,
As it swung two hundred years
ago.

* This clock was brought over from England by the writer's ancestor in 1682, in the ship Welcome, with William Penn.

Its hands are running their ceaseless round,
All heedless of time as it passes along,
And its bell still strikes with as merry a sound
As it did when my grandsire heard its song.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

How oft in boyhood I've heard that bell,
With head reclined on my grandmother's knee,
And list to the tales she was wont to tell,
Of the times ere the old clock crossed the sea.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

The lines are suggested by the traditions received from his grandmother, who died in her hundredth year, and who beguiled many of his boyhood hours with the tales of the "olden time," of the trials endured by the pioneers in the settlement of "PENN'S WOODS." Her mother told her that William Penn was a frequent visitor at her father's cabin; although but a child (her mother) at the time, she could distinctly remember Penn's visits; his taking her on his knee and amusing her, whilst the Indians would gather around in groups from the neighboring wigwams.

How the old clock struck on the festal day
When her grandsire's sire brought home his bride.
When his limbs grew weary and locks turned gray.
The old clock noted the hour he died.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

How the old clock hung in the forest shade,
Where the Indian wigwam long had stood,
Whilst the rude log cabin her grandsire made
Arose in the dark primeval wood.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

Within that cabin the old clock hung
When Penn and his pioneers gathered there,

Its ceaseless tick, as the pendulum swung,
Was heard as they waited in silent prayer.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

That cabin has passed with the forest away,
And the red man gone to the silent shore,
Who lingered so oft in the sun's warm ray
To hear its loud tick by the log cabin door.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

When this foul rebellion is past and gone,
And the cry of the warrior heard no more,
This same old clock will be ticking on,
And its bell will sound as in days of yore.
With its pendulum swinging to and fro,
As it swung two hundred years ago.

FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS,

AND

LIBERTY BELL.

No self was there, when the solemn prayer
  Arose from the patriot band
Who stood in their might for God and the right
  Of Freedom throughout the land.
    When the old Bell rang on the summer air,
    The Spirit of Justice heard the prayer.

Fervent, yet low, were the words that flow
  From heart to heart that day,

And hand grasped hand, as the patriot band
  Prepared them for the fray.
    And the old Bell rang so loud and clear,
    "Our lives for our country, we know no
      fear!"

From mountain and dell, at sound of that Bell,
  Came the hardy children of toil;
From valley and glen came the sturdy old men,
  And the youth left the plough in the soil.
    When the old Bell rang o'er the mountains
      afar,
    The children of peace became vet'rans in
      war.

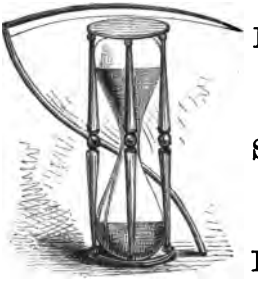
Firm as a rock, they met the shock
  Of England's serried band,
And back from the coast they scattered the host
  Of the foeman from out the land.

And the old Bell rang through the forest trees,
As the star-spangled banner was flung to the breeze!

The tones that fell from that Liberty Bell
Shall sweep over land and sea,
Till sceptre and crown shall tumble down,
And the nations all are free.
And the old Bell Spirit shall ring thro' the world,
Till the banner of Christ be alone unfurled!

TO MY WIFE,

ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING-DAY.



TIME hath been with busy
fingers
Shaking out life's golden
sand;
Let us pause whilst memory
lingers
In the far-off dreamy land.

Down life's vista far receding,
Shadowy forms are gathering round;
Whither are their footsteps leading?
Whence that old familiar sound?

419660B

'Tis the loved and noble-hearted
  Who have passed from earth away,
Cherished ones, whom death hath parted,
  Gathering on that festal day.

Twenty years this summer morning
  Since I claimed thee for my own,
In thy simple bride's adorning
  Leaving all for me alone.

An aged mother bending o'er thee
  Asked a blessing on thy head,
Whilst thy sire, who stood before thee,
  Quenched those tears he might not shed.

Joyous friends were gathered round us,
  Heard the vows then sealed above,
Which for aye on earth hath bound us
  In abiding truth and love.

Twenty years! and time hath scattered
  Sacred links from out life's chain;
Golden bowls at life's fount shattered,
  Ne'er to reunite again.

We have seen those shadows lessen,
  One by one, from off the wall;
And no parent's fond caressing
  Greets us in the accustomed hall.

Now no old familiar faces
  Round the evening fire are seen;
Passed from earth, yet memory traces
  Where those long-loved forms have been.

Twenty years we've toiled together
  Up the rugged hill of life,
Known both storm and sunny weather,
  Since I claimed thee for my wife.

Hand in hand we've gained the summit
  Whence the shades of life appear;
Like the prophet, we gaze from it,
  As the promised land draws near.

We can now with calm reflection
  Gaze upon the scene below;
Though toilworn, the retrospection
  With bright spots will sometimes glow.

Often when the skies looked lowering,
  Dark and gloomy round our way,
We have known a faith o'erpowering
  Turn that darkness into day.

Let us neither faint nor falter
  In our journey down life's vale;
In our hearts there stands an altar
  Time nor age can ne'er assail.

Let the fires upon it brighten,
  And sweet incense will arise;
That pure incense which will heighten
  True love's holiest sacrifice.

Down the hill of life descending,
  Heart to heart and hand to hand,
With one feeling gently blending
  Till we've reached the promised land.

On Presenting a Melon-Shaped Basket to My Sister.

BENEATH the drooping willow's shade
An artist had reclined;
The dancing brook and sunny glade
Were woven with the dreams that made
Bright visions in his mind.

In dreams he wandered back again
To scenes of earlier years,
Again he bounded o'er the plain,
Again beheld the waving grain
Ripening its golden ears.

And as he gazed in dreams around,
  The grapes in clusters hung,
The fruitful vines, with melons crowned,
Lie scattered o'er the teeming ground,
  In wild profusion flung.

But as his eager fancy led
  To grasp them, he awoke;
But ere the vision from him fled,
The breeze, that murmured o'er his head,
  A drooping branch had broke.

And from this branch, the wicker frame
  With fruitful visions teem,
And melon-shaped the basket came,
Whose graceful form shall long retain
  The slumbering Artist's dream.

ON THE MEXICAN WAR.

PUT up the sword! shall vengeance never
Cease to mar the Christian's path?
"Shall the sword devour forever?"
Shall Christian nations, filled with wrath,
Still over hill and vale and plain
Curse all the land with mortals slain?

Put up the sword! shall freedom's banner,
Which our sires raised on high,
Flout in this unholy manner
O'er brethren 'neath a neighboring sky?

What! shall freemen turn again
To rivet slavery's galling chain?

Shall that name, which lives in story
Highest on the scroll of fame,
Lose the brightness of its glory
By conquest such as we now claim?
Conquest for slavery! better far
Lost in night that lonely star.*

Arise! my country, teach the demon
That o'ershadows now thy fame,
That the highest title, freeman!
Lives not in an empty name;
Teach him that our flag shall wave
O'er freemen! not the conquered slave.

Teach him that the Christian's duty
Leads not now thro' fields of blood;

* Texas.

That the highest moral beauty
  Still consists in doing good,
As when of yore the heavenly anthem rung,
When peace on earth, good will to men was sung.

CHRISTMAS HYMN, 1866.

E are all again united; our
little band is here,
Without a single broken
link, without one
vacant chair;
Two blooming little sun-
beams are added to
our chain,
And we thank our Heavenly Father that
we have met again.

We ask not for great riches, we crave no hoarded
wealth,
But, with Thy many blessings, we ask the boon
of health;

With our daily work before us, as the stream of
life flows on,
May strength to each be given, to have Thy work
well done.

We thank Thee that our lives are spared, on this
bright festal day,
To hear the shout of freedmen, as their shackles
fall away;
That through the noise of battle, and "garments
rolled in blood,"
Thy hand hath from the evil wrought out the
nation's good.

Oh, strengthen all our rulers to stand firm for the
right,
Till every cloud of darkness is scattered by Thy
light,

And Truth hath crushed out Error; oh, let them
firmly stand,
Until all are free and equal throughout our happy
land.

Then, an ensign to the nations, our light shall
shine afar,
Like the ray that dawned on Bethlehem, the
bright and morning star;
And distant lands shall echo back the shoutings
of the free,
And all the earth shall shout Thy praise, and
glory give to Thee!

I long to be united; two of our little band,
Have crossed the shining River, that flows o'er golden sand,
And my spirit longs to join them, where their quiet feet have tro
Amid the vernal pastures, around thy throne oh God.

Altho' the cup be bitter, the chastening hard to bear,
I feel that strength is given, thy presence ever near.
I see the clouds are lifting, the light is streaming far,
Where the portals wide are open, the heavenly "gates ajar."

I see the loved ones standing beside that River's shore,
Where sorrow never crosses, and parting is no more.
Though the way seems long and weary, the shadows lengthen fa
That close around life's evening, 'til the isle of shoals is pass

I feel their presence near me, yet I may not thrust aside,
The veil that dims their beauty, by that golden river's tide,
Yet my spirit longs to meet them, in the mansions of the bles
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at res

Bluffland August 20th 1869.

B. I. Ledom